

Some Ducats and a Daughter.

By HOWARD FIELDING.

Copyright, 1907, by C. W. Hooks.

WHEN Alfred Southerland, broker of State street, Boston, discovered that he had been robbed, he put the case into the hands of Edgar Dunton. The latter had been a member of the Massachusetts detective force that used to be called the state police, but had resigned and set up in business for himself.

Securities valued at about \$80,000 were missing from one of the safes in Southerland's office. There was nothing to show when they had been taken, but they had not all been abstracted at the same time. It was probable that the safe had been "visited" on four or five occasions. There had been no breaking of locks or drilling of holes.

This fact put four men under suspicion, but Dunton's investigation speedily cleared two of them. The others were Mr. Rand, the cashier, and Mr. Packard, his assistant. Both were past fifty, of excellent reputation, quite clear of debt or speculative entanglement and altogether the most unlikely men for such a deed that could well be imagined. Moreover, it was Mr. Packard who had discovered the theft. He had immediately reported it to Mr. Rand, and the two of them had laid the matter before Mr. Southerland. Yet one or the other of these men or Mr. Southerland himself must have taken the securities from the safe, if the thing had been done at all.

Now, there could be no doubt that the securities were missing, and if they had not been taken from the safe it must be because they had never been in it. Could this be possible?

Mr. Southerland had been out of health. For several months he had been under a doctor's orders to take things easy, and he had been spending two or three days each week at his country place in Marblehead. There is no rest, however, for the financier. Instead of living out of doors, as he had promised the doctor, he had conducted many important negotiations, and he admitted, in response to Dunton's questions, that all the missing securities had been delivered to him at his home in Marblehead and brought to the city by him.

There was a young man named Reginald Varney who had an office for stenography and typewriting in the same building with Southerland & Co. He had done some work for Mr. Southerland in a notably satisfactory manner and had made a favorable impression personally, being a handsome fellow of exceptionally good address. Thus it fell out that when Mr. Southerland found himself in need of a secretary at his Marblehead house he had employed Varney.

It was physically possible that this young man might be the culprit in the

Could Varney have made a flying trip to New York for this purpose? In order to answer this question the detective decided to ask the young man a few questions, though he had hitherto avoided meeting him. In fact, Dunton had not visited the Marblehead residence, but had depended upon a veiled questioning of Southerland for such information as he desired. At this stage of the case, however, a personal investigation seemed necessary, and he accordingly paid a visit to the broker in his summer home.

Up to this point Dunton had not disclosed his theory of the robbery, and now, when he told Southerland of his suspicions, he was amazed to learn that Varney had been dismissed from Southerland's employ suddenly about ten days before and that nothing was known of him since that time. Why had he been discharged? A personal difference; he had been disrespectful.

"You'll waste your time if you work on the Varney theory," said the broker. "I advise you to leave him out of it."

Dunton returned to Boston and endeavored to locate Varney at the young man's office, where two or three assistants were carrying on the business, but he learned that Varney was seldom there, and his house address could not be obtained. In view of this situation the detective decided to take up the clues in New York, including Varney's record there.

Accordingly Dunton telegraphed his professional brother in the metropolis that he would be in that city at 3 o'clock on the following afternoon, and he received a reply directing him to go to a certain address, engage a room and expect a call at 5 o'clock. The address was not far from the Grand Central station, where Dunton's train set him down a little after 3, and a few minutes later he had engaged what is called a back parlor in a very ordinary boarding house.

There was time for a bit of work before the hour of the appointment, and Dunton did not linger in his new quarters. As he approached the street door on his way out a key was thrust into the lock from the other side. The form of a woman was dimly visible through the ground glass panel, and Dunton, who was in no hurry to encounter any of the other lodgers, halted sharply, but before he could begin a retreat the door swung open and the woman entered. Dunton noticed in the first glance that she was young and strikingly attractive, that she was smartly dressed and had been heavily veiled, but at the moment of entering the house she had pushed up the veil to the brim of her hat.

She stopped stock still and looked at him as if dazed. He saw that she took in her breath with a fluttering gasp.

"So," said she, "you've caught me," and with that she fell at his feet in a profound swoon.

For some minutes the natural human impulse to give aid was stronger in Dunton than all other feelings. Amusement was forced to the background of his consciousness, while sympathy rushed to the front, nor had he any time for such reflections as would have been appropriate to his calling. Whom had he caught? What had this beautiful girl been guilty of that she should faint at the sight of a detective? How did he know who Dunton was? He would have staked his life that he had never seen her. Did she mistake him for somebody else? No; there was perfect recognition in her glance.

Assisted or at least accompanied by the landlady, who had heard the sound of the fall, Dunton carried the unconscious girl into the room which he had just engaged and laid her upon the couch. Then he summoned a physician from an adjoining house. Meanwhile he had learned only that the girl had taken a room in the house that morning and given the name of Mary Stone.

A little later, however, when the doctor had taken charge of the case upon the medical side, Dunton was able to give his undivided attention to that aspect of it which appertained to his own profession. Miss Stone had carried a small black shopping bag, and it had fallen upon the floor of the hall. Dunton thought himself privileged to examine its contents, and the first thing he found was a roll of bills amounting to almost a thousand dollars. Delving deeper, he came upon a small green memorandum book, which bore upon its first page the name of Mildred Southerland.

Dunton was aware that Mr. Southerland had a daughter named Mildred, but he had not seen her on his single visit to Marblehead. It was clear, however, that she must have seen him and known his errand. Meeting him thus after her flight from home, how could she doubt that he had pursued and passed her and, having learned her destination, had awaited her there?

"This is a very bad business," said the detective to himself, "and it's up to me to see that it gets no worse."

Miss Southerland had been carried into Dunton's room because the one which she had engaged was up two flights of stairs. Dunton had learned from the landlady, and he knew also that the girl had brought a small trunk with her. To get into this room and to open the trunk cost only the labor of picking two easy locks, and the result amply justified the exertion. In the trunk there was a sealed packet, and in the packet were all the stolen securities except the one bond that had been sold.

When this investigation was completed Dunton returned to the lower hall, where he awaited the appearance of the doctor.

"The young lady will do very well now," said that gentleman. "You are a friend!"

"A friend of the family," said the detective.

"She seems to have been laboring under a severe nervous strain," continued the doctor. "I understand that she desires to see you."

Dunton knocked on the door of the back parlor and was invited to enter. He found Miss Southerland reclining in an easy chair and seemingly not much the worse for her experience. The extraordinary beauty and seeming innocence of the girl knocked hard upon the detective's heart.

"Here is your shopping bag," said he. "It contains a little book with your name."

"My name," she repeated. "Yes."

"I think we ought to take the 5 o'clock train back to Boston," said Dunton. "Do you wish to say anything to me before we start?"

"What can I say?"

"Why did you rob your father?"

The girl stared at him, her eyes growing larger and brighter. She rose slowly, and as she did so she pulled open the little black bag.

"Do you mean to tell me," she cried, "that my father mentioned this paltry money, that he thought of these miserable dollars? My ducats and my daughter! Here, take it back to him!"

She snatched the money out of the bag and flung it against Dunton's breast. The loose roll of bills seemed to burst like a bomb, and the air was full of the national currency.

"I ventured to suppose," said the girl with scorn, "that he had sent you after



"YOUR MAN'S IN THE HOUSE NOW,"

me and not after my quarterly allowance," and she laughed bitterly.

Dunton looked keenly into her eyes during an interval of silence.

"How did you know that I was a detective?" he asked at last.

"Mr. Varney told me so," she replied. "He was at Marblehead when I was there."

"Yes; in the garden."

"And you were with him? A secret meeting—I see, I see. He had been discharged because of his attentions to you?"

"Why, of course?"

"What did Mr. Varney say to you about me?"

"He said that my father had engaged you to watch me to see whether I had any communication with Mr. Varney. But you must know all this. Why do you ask these questions?"

"Did you know of any other reason why your father should employ a detective?"

"No."

"He did not mention a robbery?"

"No."

"You knew nothing about it?"

"Certainly not. What do you mean?"

"One moment, please. Did Mr. Varney intrust a packet to you?"

"Yes; it contains documents relating to his dead father's estate."

The detective drew the packet from under his coat and laid it on the table. The girl quickly extended her hand, and as she touched the packet Dunton laid his hand on hers.

"Wait," said he. "Have you married him?"

"No."

"Have you seen him since you left your father's house?"

"No."

The detective released her hand and raised his own to his forehead.

"I am not a religious man ordinarily," said he, "but when I thank God I mean it. Now look at that—at those papers relating to Mr. Varney's estate."

"Why, these are bonds!" exclaimed the girl.

"Right," said he; "\$89,000 worth, stolen from your father. Mr. Varney did not want to be caught with the goods on him, as we say in my business, so he gave them to you. And you knew nothing. When you saw me, you thought I had come to interrupt an elopement?"

"Certainly."

"I suppose Mr. Varney used to live in this house," said Dunton, and the girl nodded. "That's why he sent you here, and it's why my correspondent advised me to come, thinking that I might pick up a clew in the house. And so we met, and—"

He was interrupted by a cautious tap at the door. It was the professional brother.

"Your man's in the house now," said that worthy. "He's gone upstairs. He asked for a Miss Stone, and a servant told him where her room was."

Remains to Be Seen.

"What's in here?" asked the tourist.

"Remains to be seen," responded the guide as he led the way into the morgue.—Jester.

NAMES COMMISSION

(Continued from page 9)

mately 32,000 miles of this class of highway.

Prior to the advent of the automobile the roads improved, but the modern speed vehicle had not been traversing the suburban highways long before a pronounced retrogression of the most generally traveled stretches was very noticeable. Complaint came from farmers and from dwellers along suburban roads that a great dust nuisance had also sprung up and that emerald lawns were taking on the hue of London fog and that box hedges was dove grey, rather than green. Fruit farmers noted their products becoming gritty and prices fell off.

Investigation proved at once that the new conditions have been created by the automobile and highway engineers in every civilized land began studying the new condition and seeking for a remedy. In this country, Director Page conducted a series of interesting experiments in which various classes of automobiles were sent at varying rates of speed over selected stretches of road, while expert photographers pictured their progress and produced proof that the tractive force of the rear tires did the damage. While he was watching that work and was experimenting with various dust laying liquids, France was doing the same on an even larger scale. That country, which expends vast sums annually on maintaining the well-nigh perfect system of highway it has been building since the days of the first Napoleon, made a most complete set of measurements and learned that the automobiles had caused the roads of the Republic to retrograde fully forty per cent. It was decided to summon the thought, skill and intelligence of the world to combat a condition which means great financial losses and the official invitations to the Congress were sent out, the French Government formally requesting the U. S. Government to participate in the Congress.

That President Roosevelt is personally so deeply interested in the coming gathering as to send the Director of Roads and his distinguished associates to France may by some be regarded as evidence of a National awakening to the vast importance good roads are to the nation.

Invitations have been transmitted through the Office of Public Roads to State Highway Commissioners, City Engineers and Park Commissioners to attend the Congress and already a number of delegates have been selected.

Stomach Troubles.

Many remarkable cures of stomach troubles have been effected by Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets. One man who had spent over two thousand dollars for medicine and treatment was cured by a few boxes of these tablets. Price 25 cents. Samples free at Frank Hart and leading druggists.

Lane's Family Medicine will give you a digestion that will permit you to eat good things instead of "health foods" of various sorts that are as palatable as hay.

DIARRHOEA

There is no need of anyone suffering long with this disease, for to effect a quick cure it is only necessary to take a few doses of

Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy

In fact, in most cases one dose is sufficient. It never fails and can be relied upon in the most severe and dangerous cases. It is equally valuable for children and is the means of saving the lives of many children each year.

In the world's history no medicine has ever met with greater success.

PRICE 25c. LARGE SIZE 50c.

SIREN DEVELOP THE BUST

SHE'S A QUEEN

SHE'S A SIREN



is an expression that is always heard at sight of a well developed woman. If you are flat chested, with BUST undeveloped, a scrawny neck, thin, lean arms—the above remark will never be applied to you. "SIREN" wafers will make you beautiful, bewitching. They DEVELOP THE BUST in a few weeks from 3 to 6 inches and produce a fine firm, voluptuous bosom. They fill out the hollow places. Make the arms handsome and well modeled and the neck and shoulders shapely and of perfect contour.

Send for a bottle today and you'll be pleased and grateful. "SIREN" wafers are absolutely harmless, pleasant to take and convenient to carry around. They are sold under guarantee to do all claim or MONEY back.

Price \$1.00 per bottle. Inquire at good drug stores or send DIRECT to us.

FREE During the next 30 days only—we will send you a sample bottle of these beautifying wafers on receipt of 10 cents to pay cost of packing and postage if you will mention that you saw the Advertisement in this paper. The sample alone may be sufficient if defects are trivial.

Desk 22 ESTHETIC CHEMICAL CO., 31 West 125th St. New York.

To the First 500 Children

Bringing this "Ad." and opening an account, we will deposit the first 50 cents, conditional that the child deposit 50 cents at time of opening account and one dollar per month for eleven months. The account will then be worth \$12.00 besides 5 per cent. interest and is subject to withdrawal according to State law.

Remember your account is secured by real estate. Children under fourteen eligible.

THE BANKING SAVINGS AND LOAN ASS'N.
168 10TH ST. Phone Black 2184

PRACTICAL POINTS

PRACTICAL POINTS

On Banking—No. 5

Important to the business men: Having an account with this bank guarantees the security for your funds—assures prompt, satisfactory service and the most courteous treatment.

You will find an account with the Scandinavian-American Savings Bank a valuable asset to you.

SCANDINAVIAN-AMERICAN SAVINGS BANK,
506-508 Commercial St., Astoria, Ore.

FIRST NATIONAL BANK OF ASTORIA

DIRECTORS

JACOB KAMM W. F. MCGREGOR G. C. FLAVEL
J. W. LADD S. S. GORDON

Capital.....\$100,000
Surplus.....25,000
Stockholders' Liability.....100,000

ESTABLISHED 1896.

J. Q. A. BOWLBY, President. FRANK PATTON, Cashier
O. I. PETERSON, Vice-President. J. W. GARNER, Assistant Cashier

Astoria Savings Bank

Capital Paid in \$115,000. Surplus and Undivided Profits, \$100,000
Transacts a General Banking Business—Interest Paid on Time Deposits
FOUR PER CENT PER ANNUM.
Eleventh and Duane Sts. Astoria, Oregon.

Fisher Brothers Company

SOLE AGENTS

Barbour and Finlayson Salmon Twines and Netting
McCormick Harvesting Machines
Oliver Chilled Ploughs
Malthoid Roofing
Sharples Cream Separators

Racolith Flooring

Stonett's Tools

Hardware, Groceries, Ship Chandlery

Tan Bark, Blue Stone, Muriatic Acid, Welch Coal, Tar,
Ash Oars, Oak Lumber, Pipe and Fittings, Brass
Goods, Paints, Oils and Glass
Fisher's Pure Manila Rope, Cotton Twine and Seine Web

We Want Your Trade

FISHER BROS.

BOND STREET

STEEL & EWART

Electrical Contractors

Phone Main 3881 426 Bond Street



"YOU'LL WASTE YOUR TIME ON THE VARNEY THEORY."

case. He would have been in a position to know of the delivery of bonds and other securities to Mr. Southerland at the country place and to have abstracted some of them from the satchel in which the broker was accustomed to carry them to Boston.

Varney had not lived in Boston very long. He was supposed to have come from New York, where Detective Dunton communicated with a professional brother in the metropolis, by whom Varney's record was hastily investigated. It appeared that he had left New York under a cloud, having been summarily discharged from a position in a broker's office.

Coincidentally with the receipt of this report one of the stolen bonds turned up in New York. It had been cleverly negotiated by means of a trick in which a messenger boy had played the most conspicuous role, a perfectly innocent agent, of course. The real trickster had got away with the sale price of the bond, a little more than a thousand dollars.